

ORDERLY U. S. CAMP IN DESERT SURPRISES NATIVES OF MEXICO

American Soldiers in Mexico Are Not Short on Food and Horses Have Most of the Time Had a Plenty; Mexicans Can't Understand American Money is Worth Twice as Much as Their Money.

By GEORGE H. CLEMENTS.

FIELD HEADQUARTERS, Punitive Expedition, U. S. Army, near Namiquipa, Mex., April 14.—(By truck train to Columbus, N. M., April 22.)—Old time playgoers would be reminded of a Thomas Keane production of Rich and the Third could they pass a night in this camp. The myriad of campfires, the murmur of hundreds, not to any thousands, of voices, the occasional ringing out of a word of command, the wheeling into line of troops of cavalry as they ride out into the night on some mission regarding which only the commanding officer and their own leader know, the rumble of trucks laden with supplies and of artillery wagons, the clang of hammers on anvils as the hard worked blacksmiths fit and nail shoes on the horses brought in at all times of day and night by tired and dusty troopers who have been scouting the rocky canyons of the adjacent Sierra mountains for traces of Villa or any of his followers—all of this goes to make a scene so theatrical and on so grand a scale that lovers of the dramatic would be thrown into ecstasies of delight. It serves to make one forget the dust, the cold, the soldiers' fare and sleeping on the hard, unyielding bosom of Mother Earth.

Is a Lure to the Life. With all of its hardships there is a lure to the life led by the soldier, and the civilian mind is obstinately inclined toward pacifism would fall into the snare of it if he would but follow it for thirty days. Civilians who attacked abandoned as to their condition when the border was crossed on March 14 and who were at first inclined to grumble at the food and the inconveniences they were forced to endure, are now so enamored of the life that if they were ordered to go home they would be found appealing to the commander of the expedition to be permitted to remain. Many of them have long since learned to eat their "chow" just as it is given them in tin cans, and to forget to try to blow or skim the dust from their coffee before they drink it. They have learned also to change their shirts on which to spread their blankets or for tents under which to spread them even when the wind blows a gale and the thermometer goes down toward the zero mark, as it frequently does at this altitude. They have reached that point where they do not rob a store for their mess kits in the pull of greasy hot water which the cook sets out for the accommodation of those who are not so hardened as to eat their food or not their dishes are ever cleaned. If the wives of some of the married men connected with the outfit knew what good food and clean shirts and blankets can be when they have to be there would be a revision of household duties. The Mexicans, coming marching home at the close of this campaign.

Soldiers Build Wild Hacks. As was the case at the former headquarters camp at Colonia Dublan, the soldiers have not been slow in the matter of providing themselves with wheelers against the ever howling winds which do so much to make life miserable on this bare and high plateau. There are no groves of great trees here as there were at Dublan, nor are there acres of arrow weed to be used, with little labor, in the making of wind breaks. The growth of evergreen live oak, the small branches of which are brought in by the hundreds of wagon loads and with baling wire woven into bowers around kitchen, officer's quarters, company mess fires, blacksmiths' forges and the hundreds of latrines which have been dug at the instance of the military department, till the several thousands of acres occupied by the camp have the appearance, from a distance, of being heavily wooded.

Surprises the Natives. The natives continue to marvel at the pains and expense to which the American soldier will go in order to be comfortable and clean. A Mexican army instead of camping on an exposed, wind swept plain would have sought shelter in a canyon where tents and shelters would have been unnecessary; there would have been no burning of litter nor would latrines have been dug in the time of day in which to bury every bit of offal which might become noxious or offensive and a menace to health.

Speaking of natives reminds me that an order was issued several days since

Interviews With the Great On the Situation Down In Mexico

Some Imaginary Conversations on the Situation, Including an Imaginary Visit to Gen. Bell While Dining the Newspaper Men and Another to Mr. Cobb at an Hour When He Was Not Very Busy. By "THE MAN WHO KNOWS."

COMMISSIONED by The Herald at great expense to secure a series of imaginary interviews with our leading citizens upon the death of Pancho Villa, I set out, scratching my head and thinking what they would say and what would happen if I carried out the assignment in reality.

The interview with our leading citizen should come first and, of course, according to Zack Cobb, this would place the collector of customs at the head of the list, but, in view of the military censorship, I thought it best to head the list with Gen. George Bell, commanding the western Texas patrol district.

General Bell "Talks." I found Gen. Bell at the Paso del Norte, sitting at a luncheon for all the newspaper men in El Paso and in response to my request for a statement, he most cordially replied:

"I don't know if I am always glad to talk for publication and was especially glad to do so today, as I am sure that if Villa has died, my existence is a dead end and I am positive of this. On the other hand, if Villa has not died, he is living right now and I am sure that the military censorship is the worst of the matter, both from a military and civilian standpoint."

"This military censorship should have a good effect on local conditions along the border."

The "Fearless Peck." Next I sought out one only Zack Cobb in the former building. I was much impressed by the depressed attitude of all the lesser lights outside the room containing the pictures.

Pictures on the Wall. I noticed a number of pictures of Pancho Villa, all of which were carefully clipped from current magazines. There was a picture of William Jennings Bryan, but over this had been pasted a picture of George C. Carothers, without an autograph. On the desk was a very clever two-sided frame, just the thing to supply practically the entire army with an office force suitable for a brigade or division.

Mr. Cobb, do you believe Villa is dead? "Well, sir, I don't know, or rather I won't say that, for it happens that I know every man in this place and something. We must all stand by the president and his representative down here. At times I shudder to think what might even now be the result of our great country had I not stood by my good friend, Woodrow. Do you know, I sent Mr. Bryan, while he was secretary of state, a thousand three hundred and nine telegrams and letters on the Mexican situation and I am proud to say that he sent me back a letter. I can show it as proof."

"Do you know, I am not only the one reliable source of information the state department has as to the Mexican situation, but I am now sending advice to secretary of war Baker daily and I don't mind telling you confidentially, even if you don't believe it, that I am a wise man whenever I can think of anything to write him about."

Will Help Kellies Out. "As soon as I can make arrangements to use the Mexican telegraph lines, I expect to take up the matter of keeping the Kellies out of the country to conditions down there where he is now operating. I tell you, no one realizes what a mighty problem I have to solve daily."

Col. Taylor Interviewed. I next "interviewed" myself out at Fort Bliss, interviewing that sturdy old warrior, Col. Charles W. Taylor, who commands our army post and, incidentally, the respect and affection of all our citizens.

My host came through the door with a glass in each hand and I must confess that the drinking of the tea in glasses was not an unwelcome sound. As I slipped I asked Col. Taylor if he had any credence in the reports of Villa's death. The colonel looked at affectionately at his glass and began:

"By George, this thing of Villa reminds me of the time Buffalo Bill and I started out with an expedition from Fort Lincoln after 'Wind-in-the-Face' and his band of redskins in the seventies."

"Bottled Up." "We were in a tight fix for water, but, in view of the fact that the country was alive with hostile Indians, the

res, went with the full knowledge that they might be out of communication for days at a time and that they would be compelled to live off the country in which there was no plenty, at least, and in which they always stood a chance of finding a rancher who would, for a consideration, give them a meal of tortillas and beans, parched corn fried in bacon fat is not bad eating if you don't have to eat it too long at one time."

Soldiers Not Ragged. The stories which told that the men of the expedition were ragged, also told that they were barefooted and in need of blankets. This is not true, for the facts. Once in a great while a man might have been found with bad shoes or with holes in the seat or the knees of his trousers, but every time you found such a man, you picked up one who, either through ideas of economy was short on clothing, or who belonged to the class of soldier who bartered everything he possesses for a little ready money.

Some of the men composing the flying columns who are compelled to ride through chaparral without opportunity to mend tents, present a ragged appearance when they come into camp, but they are the exception rather than the rule.

It may be put down as absolutely true that the army in the border in Mexico is neither ragged nor ragged, the statements of civilians and army officers to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no lack of food, and the civilians have been brought up to something like they should be, there is not a plethora of the constituents of the army, but the army is in a position of abundance of clothing of all kinds, from socks to hats, and even the horses have had a feed or two of hay, brought from the good old U. S. A.

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orders were very strict against leaving the column for any reason whatever. However, Cody and I decided to take a chance and after gathering a full bunch of canyons we ducked into a small ravine, for we usually found water in these miniature valleys. We had gone about half a mile up the ravine when Cody told me that we were pursued. We dropped behind two large boulders and discovered Indians. After another mile or so, the canyon turned almost at a right angle and we stopped to kill as many of the larger and fiercer animals as we could. Our only hope lay ahead and we determined to outdistance our enemies.

The canyon again turned and about a mile ahead we saw the well-known water. We reascended the hill, however, already insurmountable difficulties we counted over 500 Indians as they rounded the last turn in the canyon, a mile back, and the canyon had ended. There was no escape.

Col. Taylor disappeared once again from the house and I decided to feel thirsty. When he came out, he twisted his mustache, looked off into the distance for a tantalizingly long time and finally said: "Well, you know we didn't get away at all; they killed us!"

To the City Hall. My imagination flitted to the city hall and it did me good to see Old Cody flying in the breeze above the roof of the city hall. I was one of the chief concerns, so that when he retired from the presidency these steel bridges of the United States, together with 11,000,000 people annually, together with 11,000,000 tons of freight.

American Managers, Native Employees. One of the most interesting features of the railway system under Diaz was his insistence that the American managers of the Mexican national railways should employ, whenever possible, Mexican conductors, brakemen and section foremen. In this way he hoped to build up a substantial middle class among the people, one of the crying needs of the country.

First to Border at El Paso. The first railway connecting Mexico City with the United States border was that to El Paso, opened by president Diaz 25 years ago, last month. This line has been extended in recent years to Tampico on the east and to Guadalupe on the west, and now embraces a system of 400 miles.

The shortest line from Mexico City to the United States (150 miles), is that of the National Railway, which crosses the border at Laredo.

When the four important railway systems of the Mexican Empire—the National, the International and the Intercontinental—were fused into the National Railway of Mexico, the government retained a majority of the capital stock of \$15,000,000 pesos.

All of the rail ways in northern Mexico are equipped with American locomotives, passenger and freight cars, and Pullman accommodations for the attempt to get an opinion on the matter. The man from Egypt, for I am convinced that he, alone, can tell me.

Was Tiny Line to Gaudalope; Diaz Gave Nation Great System.

Washington, D. C., April 22.—The railways of northern Mexico, the use of which was fraught with grave moment to the punitive expedition force under Gen. Pershing, because of the serious question of transporting supplies, is the subject of an informative bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society of Washington.

"The railway system of Mexico has a mileage which exceeds by 25 per cent the combined mileage of all the other countries of North and South America, with the exception of Canada, the United States, Argentina and Brazil," says the bulletin.

"This vast system has been built up in 45 years, for while there was a tiny track from Mexico City to the suburb of General Diaz in 1872 that president Diaz inaugurated the first important line, that which runs from Veracruz to the national capital, President Lerdo was opposed to the building of railways across the desert plateau of northern Mexico."

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SAN ANTONIO A ROUNDED LEG

Man Arrives From South Who Talked With Man Who Saw Bandit.

Adrian del Campo, of Chihuahua City, who recently came to El Paso, says that Villa was wounded, not in Guerrero by the outraged father of a wounded girl, but on the outskirts of that town when the fighting occurred between the Constitutionalists and the Villistas on March 23. Later, after the Constitutional troops had retreated toward Cuernavaca, Villa sent a messenger to Guerrero to get Dr. A. T. Stett to treat his leg and the doctor, thinking that Villa intended killing him, hid out and hid only then, without medical attention, remained hidden for a number of days. Villa is then said to have sent back for a Mexican quack doctor, who also hid only then, without medical attention, remained hidden for a number of days. While nearing Satevo, a teamster driving a load of corn to Cuernavaca for the Cuernavaca company, was held up by the Villistas and charged with being a spy. He proved to the satisfaction of the bandits that he meant them no harm. After robbing him of what corn they needed, they let the teamster go.

The teamster informed Mr. del Campo that he saw Villa in a letter of what is termed an "express" in the south country and that his left leg was black and blue and badly swollen, so badly that he could not walk. He said that he saw Villa in a letter of what is termed an "express" in the south country and that his left leg was black and blue and badly swollen, so badly that he could not walk. He said that he saw Villa in a letter of what is termed an "express" in the south country and that his left leg was black and blue and badly swollen, so badly that he could not walk.

Mr. del Campo said that the belief in Villa's death is deep seated in Parral, Satevo and Chihuahua, and that he has confidence that he did somewhere about San Francisco de Borja as has been reported.

merely were to be had on most of the lines. The first-class passenger rates are slightly higher than on American lines, but there is a lower second class rate, by which the profits profit. Distances are measured in kilometers—four cents first class and one cent-half cents second class. Restaurants at the important stations were table d'hôte meals for \$1, and the trains were made to stop for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"The roads are like children in their eagerness to ride on the trains, and in the mining sections, where small lines are used in handling ores, it is a difficult matter to keep the railways off the ground."

"Although Mexico produces a large quantity of coal it is of a cheap grade, and the railways as a rule either import their fuel or else burn oil, which is produced in great abundance, especially in the Tampico region."

Operate on Mexican Time. The lines in the north are operated on Mexican time, which is 24 minutes faster than Mexican time at El Paso, and 25 minutes faster at Laredo.

The most interesting railway in Mexico is the 322 mile street car track which connects the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards across the isthmus of Tehuacan. It was here that General Diaz ordered a ship railroad, which could lift vessels by huge derricks from the harbor at Salina Cruz across them on trains which would transport them across the continent to Coahuilacoles, where they would be lowered into the Tampico region.

The proposed Pan-American railway, being built by American capital, is expected to establish a direct rail communication between New York City and Buenos Aires."

said the attempt to get an opinion on the matter. The man from Egypt, for I am convinced that he, alone, can tell me.

When I reached a point opposite the postoffice, on North Oregon street, on my way to the Sheldon bar to interview Bart Drordorf, I heard some one hastily shouting my name. It was Henry Kelly, ex-mayor. I heard some one hastily shouting my name. It was Henry Kelly, ex-mayor. I heard some one hastily shouting my name. It was Henry Kelly, ex-mayor.

Henry assured me that he was probably the best little interviewer in town and that what he did not know about Villa, or any other Mexican who could be registered, or voted, was not worth knowing; at least not worth the attention of anyone politically inclined.

Replying to my statement of what I was trying to find out, he informed me again most confidentially, that Villa was not dead and that he had already been registered twice in the second ward and would vote there each time in July. Just why Henry insisted upon calling Will Burges on the telephone before he imparted this information to me I cannot comprehend.

Jackson Declines to Talk. I failed to find Bart at his usual place in the bar, and then I suddenly thought of the fact that Jackson would be very sore if an interview with him did not come as close to the one with Henry Kelly as it was possible to have.

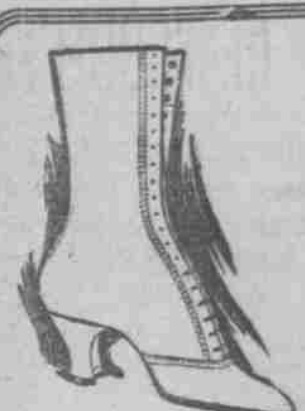
Arrived at the 54th district court I learned that Dan had already issued an injunction against the registration or voting of one Pancho Villa in the Second ward, so it seemed that after all my only authentic information about Villa had already gone glimmering. Dan would not talk—I guess I was not audience enough—and every time I as-

rejoicing among the men as a result. This is the first connection with the paymaster some of the organizations in the field have had for two months or more, and the prospect is good for some lively "crap" and "blackjack" games tonight in some of the caves dug in the gutters at the foot of some of the company streets.

So far as the correspondents and other civilians connected with the expedition are concerned, they were glad to see the paymaster come into camp because they believed he would bring some small bills and silver with him and make it possible to get possession of the money with which to buy their supplies from the natives, who never seemed to have any change. They were not disappointed. The camp is well supplied with "colored" feed now and there will be no good reason hereafter for anyone "stalling" in the matter of paying his just debt on the ground that he can't get a big bill changed.

Natives Are Childlike. Speaking of the natives in connection with money, reminds me that those who valley are the most ignorant and like in the ignorance of monetary dealings that can be imagined. I do not mean to have it understood that they are simpletons, but they are childlike, but they have the most rudimentary knowledge of financial operations and absolutely no idea of any money but the old silver coins of the republic of the days of Diaz. They will not take an American bill under any circumstances and when you tell them that an American coin is worth two of even the best silver pieces ever coined by the late Don Porfirio, they look at you in amazement and refuse to believe you. As a result, the paymaster has provided himself with a wagon load of pesos and minor coins with which to make payment for the corn, mules, frioles and other foodstuffs he buys from the simple minded citizens.

At the quartermaster does in this particular respect, the officers and men and the correspondents are compelled to do in order to supply themselves with the "blaque" (cops) and other articles they may wish to add to the daily ration supplied by Uncle Sam. There is no use in wasting time trying to convince the natives who are worth "cien centavos" each, that he should give up two eggs for an American nickel.



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